

Cuverville, April

These letters to write exhaust me, wear out my
patience; they won't
let me work. . . . No friendship matters in such a case;
I would throw
out the best friend. . . . But I don't. I always write
eventually; to have
peace, peace with myself; for, so long as I don't write, I
reproach my-
self for not writing. The trouble is that when you write
immediately,
the one on the other end answers; and yet, until he has
answered, I wait
for his letter.

May

"This one," says Marius's young wife to Em. as she
shows her about
her little garden, "Marius told me this one's name: it
is called *Rose*

We are reading aloud *A Raw Youth*. At the first
reading the book
did not seem to me so wonderful; rather more
complicated than com-
plex, more involved than sustained, and, in short, more
strange than in-
teresting. Today I am filled with astonishment and
admiration at every
page. I admire Dostoyevsky more than I thought one
could admire.

Yet it is important to know whether what one wants is
called philan-
thropy or literature.

Georges reminded me of Mile Siller's shocked
amazement, two years
ago, when she heard me say (to startle her, but in an
offhand way):
"And to think that if I didn't like literature so much I
should already be
in the Academy!*"

August, 4 o'clock in the morning

In the train; this side of Rouen; banks of the Seine
covered with
mist. Early-morning joy. I repeat these words full of
savor: early-morn-
ing joy. Only the tops of the haystacks in the flat fields
rise out of a sea
of pinkish blue fog; the air is inexpressibly pure; the
sky's azure bathes
the earth. My eyes, tired by a sleepless night, are

washed in the vapor-
ous surface of the river and drink from the milky slopes
of the hills. All
the plant-life in nature washes and bathes in the dawn,
quickly, before
the heat of the day. Here the dew becomes sap; the
most seared of
grasses becomes green again. If I had lost all I possess,
everything I most

Rose The simply means "tea rose.*³